

Goodlands

By Glenn Currier

It is a long day
of travel
together.

We cross the desert
watch a curious chipmunk perched on a rock
kick tumbleweed into the hot afternoon
sweat the small stuff
weep in chasms of loss
come upon a cross
tumble into wadis
looking for a cup of salvation
and find it
together.

In the winter storms
we lose each other
wrap ourselves in protective clothing
warmed by anger
gripped by fear
in a lonely veneer
wandering
and wondering
together.

In the broad plains of our labor
we do the spadework of our calling
plant trees and ourselves
in the lives of hundreds,
make from our daily routines
something for the generations
then find more time
to be
at home
together.

We stumble off the plains
into meadows rich and green with growth
where we face our darkness
the incessant bleat of ego,
undress in front of each other
and in our nakedness
we find God
who winks a knowing wink
as we don the white robes of dialog
together.

are rolling hills
bathed in the softness of twilight.
We are tired from this journey
looking for a place to rest,
but now
we are in the goodlands

together.

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Stretched out before us